

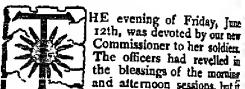
of meetings and councils will, in the immediate future, manifest itself in a glorious outburst of soul-saving times throughout the Dominion. —Halfetijah!



Light refreshments in the intervals of Councils.

The Council for Officers and Soldiers (FRIDAY, JUNE 12th, 8 P.M.)

Tides running at the Flood—Oration to General Commandant and Mrs. Booth—Commissioner Eva Sounds Thrilling Charge to the Troops—Our Leader Carried Along for Nearly Two Hours by God the Holy Ghost—A Marvelous Omen.



THE evening of Friday, June 12th, was devoted by our new Commissioner to her soldiers. The officers had revelled in the blessings of the morning and afternoon sessions, but it was the soldiers' turnings that

The high tide of feeling, which had been running like a mountain torrent, caught the gathering right at the commencement, and surged up into a boiling mass-tion of enthusiasm when the Commissioner concluded her one and three-quarters long charge to the troops, and the "holy down" commenced.

I want to note a few points:

First.—The soldiers are alive to their privileges. Jubilee Hall was a block with them. Late comers had to squat down wherever they saw a clear place of

Second.—There is not the shadow of a doubt as to where Commissioner Eva stands with her soldiers. She is enthroned in their hearts already; they have given her the full measure of their hearts' love and confidence; they evinced it when they gave her that wildly enthusiastic ovation at the start of the meeting.

Third.—The General, if it were possible, has come much nearer to their hearts since the arrival of the present Commissioner to effect. The message which the WAR took and read aloud by the Chief Secretary was even an affecting outburst from all. "The love of fidelity which the General asks for his

men is the same as the cause arrived."

Fourth.—The Commandant and Mrs. Booth are by no means forgotten. The "God bless him" accorded the General's message, and the feeling which accompanied those expressions, were scarcely exceeded by the response made to the kindly message wired by the Commissioner.

Fifth.—The charge to her troops made by the Commissioner, the keyword for the present epoch. Basing her remarks on the record of the transfer of Commissioner Moore's mission to Commissioner Joshua, the whole house became magnetic with the thrill of the great event described and brought down to the facts of the last few days. The lessons of the night, focussed down to a few words, which the Mrs. Eva desires to send as a signal along the line, are PLUCK! BE STRONG! BE OF GOOD COURAGE! FORWARD! EVERY PLACE WHICH THE SOLE OF YOUR FOOT SHALL TREAD UP-ON HAS GOD GIVEN TO YOU.

Now, whether the Commissioner, with her surroundings, was caught in the current and couldn't stop taking, even when her voice gave way, the chorus,

"This is where you'll find us," helped considerably as a safety valve, but the pressure was still too great. Suddenly the Newfoundlanders rose, and while the crowd rattled along with

"This is where we are,"

they commenced that peculiar and graceful motion popularly known as a "hoof dance." Needless to say the Newfoundlanders were the clear majority, till at last Commissioner Eva Booth took her place in a hot lawn dance. After that, of course the ladies had to be applied, but it took some huzzas to do it.

Oh, it was a climax.—COMPLIN.

Our London Letter.

Commissioner Coombs in the British Saddle—A Saturation of Blaspheming and Rotting—Royalty and Debauchery United.

(From our own Correspondent at I. H. Q., June 5th, 1896.)

COMMISSIONER COOMBS had not been 24 hours in his new saddle when he said some things which will "remain."

At his formal introduction to the Training Hospital at London Province Club, St. John's (which right away was most graciously done by Commissioner Howard) he said that he was no Little Englander, and had no sympathy with the Little Canada, Little Germany, or the Little Australia spirit. He looked forward to the greater union of all of the English-speaking race. He belonged to the world. He was for the union of all men by the power of the cross. And this was well said, and at the right moment.

What he said concerning England being able to be magnificently generous with men and money toward other portions of the world struck a happy note among the International Staff and elicited the new Foreign Secretary.

What impressed me chiefly about the new British Commissioner, however, is his spirit. The fine, simple, and yet mainly and God-like expression of him which abode within him as he beheld the great city of London—full of wealth and sin—found a ready entrance into our hearts. We have been reminded this week of the appalling magnitude of the task to which both Commissioner Coombs and Commissioner Rees have before them in this city alone.

This is Derby Week, the week when the blue ribbon of the turf is won. The racecourse is situated among the sloping, lovely down of Surrey, about 20 miles from London. Thither the moral scum of the world hit the night before and on the great day of the races, hundreds of Commandant's people (some say half a million) pour the down into a saturnalia of robbery, robbery, blaspheming and betting.

And now it comes! Blares of instruments, shouts, drum beats, huzzahs, yells and racket of all description, for mounting the platform we see the beloved features of our own Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth. The world for God and the Salvation Army, Hallelujah for Canadian victories. Tell the General we love him better than ever, (we do), and that the sooner he can come and pass through a visit the happier we'll be! "Our faith and prayers will follow you to Australia and please TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW US," the latter being distinctly American and up-to-date American.

Now and then comes I Blares of instruments, shouts, drum beats, huzzahs, yells and racket of all description, for mounting the platform we see the beloved features of our own Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth.

The ovation was so terrific that it gave several score of devils the courage, and an ambulance was probably immediately summoned to remove them for ever.

As every body was beginning to quiet down, the bugle, inspiring heavenly air from the band corner, "Yankee Doodle Came to Town" This, of course set the match to another barrel of applauding gunpowder.

The Colonel prayed, "Lord, may this be an inspiring meeting to all our men," and the same words did the Consul start the chorus of one of the Commandant's songs, which has traversed the globe, "Grace there is my every debt to pay." Dr. Wilson, our staunch friend, then intoned the Throne on behalf of the Commandant and the Consul really is full swing.

The Central Division Victory Boys were called out by the Commandant and rendered—there!—a selection, winding up with "This is where you'll find us."

Now the Commandant and his wife—Yankee Doodle again, and amidst the most tremendous cheering, he and the Commander executed a lovely American-Canadian Jig. The step was simply perfect. All the young men in the house were then summoned forth to a talk that was brimful of illustrations. "I don't want to intrude upon the ground some one else may be covering, but one I must mention." He told of a young lady on board. He was over, and above all, a son of man, and that wherever a human heart beat, wherever there was a soul to point to Jesus, there the soul longed to go, and be sent in winning the WORLD FOR GOD.

Holding up the Stars and Stripes he said, "For the unity of that flag, American sons and daughters laid down their lives, and surely no American will ever doubt that we will do the same again."

At the same time, we find for

and pray for the unity of our Army banner." (Great applause).

An offering was taken, after which the Consul introduced Mrs. Herbert, who sang magnificently, and then gave a short, tight, clear heart, and the Consul closed in prayer.

Who knows when we shall be privileged to hear the Commandant again; he goes to the other end of the world, to far-off Australia, but as he leaves, we send him a messenger, the soldiers in the ranks, the Southern Cross.

"You are getting a leader who will guide you on to greater victories than you have ever dreamed of. America's prayers are with you."

And as if to additionally bless the reporter's heart, as he was leaving the hall, he said, "I am sure you all

will be in heaven as one of the immediate results of this great meeting; it was in a corner of the hall. Four

comrades were kneeling around a poor

backslider, who was giving his heart once more to God, and who said to his

his knees a saved man. Glory to God!

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH AT NEW YORK

TREMENDOUS SEND-OFF.

New York Salvationists Out in Force—Memorial Hall crowded with attentive audience.

Among the notables on the platform, besides the visitors, our leaders, and the Colonel, we might mention Lieutenant-Colonel Perry, Brigadier Wm. Evans, Brigadier Richard Evans, Brigadier John, Brigadier Cox, Brigadier Hall. A host in themselves, verily.

Lieutenant-Colonel Perry discovered sometime ago that the gallery railings were beautiful advertising stands, and now, whenever we have a special demonstration, it is quite natural for us to place our banners and the like in the space between the railings. "Tell them to be there again," he said. "Tell them to come and see us again." "Loving welcome to Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth. Tell the world for God and the Salvation Army, Hallelujah for Canadian victories. Tell the General we love him better than ever," (we do), and that the sooner he can come and pass through a visit the happier we'll be! "Our faith and prayers will follow you to Australia and please TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW US," the latter being distinctly American and up-to-date American.

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backslider, who was giving his heart once more to God, and who said to his

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W. S. K.

Passion's Slave DRIVEN TO HELL.

(See Front Page.)

READER, take with me three glimpses at a life's history.

SCENE I.—Here is one of the sweetest sights God has given to mortals—a mother with her babe in her arms!

Look at the little one's curly, flaxen hair, his rosy cheeks, those sweet, red lips, those clear, blue eyes. Observe the unruffled peace which sits like the resurrection from an angel's wing upon every feature. In all the varied phases of life there is nothing more beautiful than this. What unalloyed joy swells the mother heart and beams through her countenance as she smooths her wee boy's sunny ringlets, and in accents of murmured tenderness calls him "precious babe," "tender innocent," "mamma's darling," or other similar endearing terms.

We hear much of love, but here is the earth's best living example of it.

We turn from the scene with reluctant feet and chastened feelings.

Like the fond mother, we delight ourselves in the exquisite and pure joy of the moment—the future is, as yet, happy, in oblivion.

SCENE II. Twenty-five years have passed.

It is night!

The abode of fashion and frivolity holds carnival. Every room is resounding by revelry. We like to think of Job, not in his latter condition of toiled more wealth, but an suffering on the dunghill; of Daniel, not as surrounded by the riches of his after-career, but in the den of lions, hating in his heart an overwhelming sense of the love of Jesus, not as He triumphantly entered Jerusalem amidst the huzzahs of the host, but as He hung on the tree, dying there, for you and for me."

How easy it is to tell about victories, but how hard to score the score along the road of life. The first is spread. The dance will soon begin. The chink of glasses is heard, the red, red wine gurgles forth from the decanters which glitter in the light. The guests quaff the exhilarating fluid, seductive and intoxicating, and the happiness which steals across the spirit on such occasions as this, when the votaries of Fashion, the devotees of pleasure, the wanton and the beguiled ones meet together and lift high the waters of death in which to drink each other's health.

And who is he whose lofty brow, whose flashing eye, whose yet red lips, whose flushed though still healthful face leads the way in mirth and repartee—that leading spirit of the gay party? He adds zest to every pleasure? The world seems mad, that tall, straight, compact form of manly beauty—have we seen it before?

Ah! Yes. That princely figure is the once innocent baby-boy of twenty-five years ago.

How he revels in the exhilaration of the hour! His fair but fallen companion twine roses in a wreath among his clustering curls and say he is that thing.

Poor slaves are they, though they are not, so softly are sin's silken cords wound around them. How they are free, and as for the future—bah! It shall supply equal pleasures or greater; meantime they will worship at the shrine of Bacchus and Venus, and the race-course will supply the cash.

SCENE III. Fifteen more years have passed. We now see the boy and the man in still another aspect.

He is no longer caressed by the silken tissues of vice; he thought easily shaken from them; no, not the mask is off, the beauty is whose voluminous embraces he revelled, and the grimacing face of death is disclosed in all his hideous reality.

How true it is! There comes first the thought of evil, then the action, THEN the habit. THEREIN is character formed by the habit, and lastly of CHARACTER IS BORN DESTINY.

He is proving it so.

He would fain shake himself free, but he cannot. He is fastened by the fatal grip of sin, and they do it sinfully, and they do it sinfully.

He is awakened to his danger!

He sees it is perilously near the precipice! Perchance long-sleeping memory of his innocent childhood, and all his earthly brain, but they add to his agony. Remorse, too, seizes him, and with fingers of fire rings at his vitals as he thinks of the neglected grave of a long ago broken-hearted man.

Linked with his passions and driven to hell with his eyes wide open, he will drink the last dregs of the cup of his iniquitous pleasure and—perish!

PERISH! Nay, it is my hope that some slave of passion who is driven at this very moment full tilt hellward may see these lines and be induced

even though on the very brink of hell itself, to look up from his slavery and remorse to the Son of Man, who, by the shedding of His own blood, has redeemed the souls of men. Who Himself has paid out His own life on the tree. (1 Peter, II, 24) when "He tasted death for every man." (Heb. II, 9.) Hear His standing invitation to sin's tightest-bound slave, "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." (Isa. I, 18.) Cry to Christ with all your heart. HE WILL SAVE.

Oh, may the Holy Spirit bring you earthly home to your heart the truth as it is in Jesus. "His blood can make the vilest clean."—John Compton.

THE
NEW COMMISSIONER'S VISIT
TO THE
SOCIAL FARM.

Where Did You Get that Hat?"

As is well-known, the Field Commissioner only arrived in Toronto on Thursday last, yet already she is well in the saddle, and by the way she is going "at it," one can scarcely credit she has only so recently taken over the reins of her new command.

Therefore, it was a considerable surprise, on a most delightful visit with the Commissioner, accompanied by Colonel Jacobs, suddenly landed on the doorstep of the Farm Cottage.

After exchanging bonnet and cap for two huge and evidently frequently worn straw hats, they made their way to the "sights" of the Farm.

Going to be a Farmer.

One could almost have imagined that the Commissioner was contemplating furnishing on her own account, a picture by the extreme interest she took in everything. Generally speaking, a woman is rarely fascinated by the intricacies of machinery, but here was an exception. Everything had to be explained, that is, the Farm, and with the Chief Secretary a golden opportunity of exercising his wonderful store of information. He seemed a perfect encyclopaedia on farm matters, therefore was able to satisfy the curiosity and answer the multitudinous questions asked.

Our School of Agriculture.

Conducted through the remarkably kept, clean, covetable stables, from thence to the dormitory beds, which of course had to be explained, and the mosquito beds, for only such an exceedingly small sprig of green could be seen peeping through the soil, that an inexperienced eye could scarcely have been expected to have known it; but, however, even the most ignorant of the plants were making splendid progress.

Next came the market garden, where the men were busily engaged in weeding, etc., and of course they must be spoken to. Here the Commissioner was delighted to meet among them Captain Hide, one of the training Home lads from the old country, who was equally pleased to meet his Commissioner on Canadian soil and report "Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

The Social Farm Hands Welcome the Commissioner.

The morning was almost gone before we could realize it, but the Men's Home must be inspected from top to bottom. The miniature dormitories,



Evening Meal after a Hot, Hard Day on the Farm.

dining-room, reading-room and kitchen were models of cleanliness. The Commissioner was charmed with everything. A hasty lunch, partaken of, after which Ensign Dodds proudly declared our Farm to be the cleanest little bungalow, where all the men were assembled, and if the heartily-spoken welcome expressed the feelings of their hearts, they were all deeply appreciated that early visit.

A Meeting with the Men.

They sang just as you would have expected them to, then settled down, and with rapt attention drank in every word of Captain's speech, upon which the word is always in his element when in a meeting of that particular description. I am confident every saved soul left that room inspired and blessed and turned to meet their work all the better for that half-hour, also rejoicing in the knowledge that as each possible the Commissioner would return and conduct "Niggle" meetings.

Then "Niggle," harnessed to the Farm bucky, rendered valuable assistance in enabling a further survey to be taken of the more interesting fields of the Corps, and which, we said good-bye to our Farm comrades, and were off once more to the office to try and do in the evening hours what should have been in the day, turning our faces homeward somewhere between the hours of ten and eleven. Adjutant Carrie Pease.

A NEW ARRIVAL AT H. Q.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICE, FROM I. H. Q., LONDON, A BLOOD AND FIRE SCOTCHMAN.

Staff-Captain Minniece was a stranger at first sight, but, as we say, "you never know 'till you see 'em," but we soon got acquainted. He sat opposite the Scribe, who sized him up and said to himself, what they say out West, "He's on to his job."

He's a proper Scotchman, and all the Scotch Mass present were jubilant.

He entered the field at Bethel, Scotland, and fought one year in Hobby's Corps, and another in the Royal Engineers, and then in Cader. For eight years he has been in London, four in the Corps' Garrison work, from which he was promoted to the Staff, and put on the permanent Training Home Work, where he has fought for you, under the command of our beloved Commissioner.

These years ago he married Captain Grasham, a London laicist. They have two lovely children, who are proper Salvationists.

The morning was almost gone before we could realize it, but the Men's Home must be inspected from top to bottom. The miniature dormitories,

"I am impressed exceedingly favorably with Canada," said the Staff-Captain; "the enthusiasm of the Canadian comrades has been above my expectation. I heard of a Salvation Army years ago in Canada that wasn't Salvation Army, but I've been pleasantly surprised."

"What's to be your work, or position in the war here, Staff-Captain?"

"I'm prepared for any part of the war."

"Art" said me, "you've been fortunate and favored to get the Field Commissioner. I tell you, we love her in London! She has been of much help and blessing to me."

The Staff is a bit of a musician and can pull or squeeze a concertina fair-well, but he is a splendid soloist.

F. E. S.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

—VISITS—

Toronto Social Institutions.

"We are happy in the Shelter,
We are happy in the Shelter,
As the days go by."

Sweet and clear rang out the children's voices as they sang heartily these patriotic lines.

Their bright, intelligent faces were lit up with smiles of pleasure. Children are sincere, and they were greatly pleased on this occasion. Why? Our already loved, new Leader, the Field Commissioner, was paying her first visit to the Toronto Children's Shelter.

We saw first for the Commissioner was intensely interested, and she remarked: "If ever I am lost, you will know where to look for me," also telling the eager Little ones they must CALL HER "MOTHER," and that she would come again to see them some day.

We have never witnessed a prettier or more touching scene than when our Leader gathered these poor lambs around her, and tenderly putting her arms around their heads, prayed, offering love and comfort for their future happiness, spiritual and temporal.

The children fired a ringing volley for their new "mother," and will not soon forget her kind words and advice.

The WOMEN'S SHELTER was next inspected, and the officers prayed with the day nurses, which is always open for working mothers to leave their little ones to be cared for while they are obliged to be absent from them.

The Commissioner spoke cheerfully, encouraging words, which will help the officers in their peculiar and trying charge.

RESCUE HOME.

"Twas a charming June evening, and soft, palmy breezes blowing up from the rippling waters of the adjacent lake cooled the air of a day sultry and warm.

The shadows of a summer twilight were fast creeping down among the maples and pines—never more beautiful than lovely, "leafy June," reflected in subtle hints of light and color from their dark, quivering leaves, when the Commissioner entered the Parkdale Home.

Officers and girls were looking forward eagerly to her visit, and all appreciated the fact that the Commissioner had spared her from her busy hours to thus graciously show her sympathy with and interest in this department of her command.

From laundry, buttery and kitchen to

topmost dormitory was shown the welcome visitor, who expressed herself as delighted with it all, as in the case of the Shelters previously visited.

Miss Booth was particularly touched by the thought of the tiny cot given by a fond mother for the special use of

the home for this mission.

The dear Commandant has left us, but his memory and influence still lives in our hearts.

One of the many ways he has blessed the world has been by the power of his manly and upright life.

But we never thought our old Leader to pay "more appropriate surrounding circumstances and needs, as when sung by officers and girls in the same room with the Field Commissioner in our hearts."

Again his voice was raised in earnest supplication, voicing the needs of all present, and the efficacy of the Blood of the Lamb to wash away every stain of every soul and power to keep spotless and clean.

Before bidding a kind "good-bye," to the gratified officers and inmates, our dear Leader expressed her pleasure at the near appearance of her old home in London, and her intention of speedily returning her visit.

We are looking forward to the meetings the Field Commissioner has kindly promised to conduct in the various public institutions in the near future. God bless her and speed the work of saving the lost.

BLANCHE READ,
Secretary for Women's Social.

GREATEST WAR ON EARTH.

Many Victories Won for Jesus—Open-Air Fighting Very Successful—S.O.P. Bring Help Doing Excellent.

HALIFAX I.—Corps is having great times in the open air.

PELLEY'S ISLAND Corps rejoices because they hit their Target Scheme.

DILDO, NFNL, was visited by Stephen Godby, who enclosed a report, and led a Council. The Officer from Heart's Content and Heart's Delight visited them for a luncheon wedding. John Crawford and Annie Prete were united under the flag.

FIVE SOULS have been saved during the last three weeks at Brampton.

"MAX," of Peterboro, says the officers returned from the "big go" full of fire, and had good times all day Sunday. A Junior got saved.

THREE SOULS got saved at Miss N. D., one of them coming four miles to do so.

THE OFFICERS of Montreal II, have farewelled. The people miss them very much.

THE DEBT is decreasing in St. John II, and a few sinners have been saved.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SCOTT Visited Ingersoll; also Adj'tant General and Captain Long. The soldiers graduate Ensign Wileman on his promotion.

TREASURER ENGLAND, of Chatham, N. B., has been elected an Alderman. They had an ice-cream social in honor of their esteemed Treasurer, and also presented him.

Major Compton had a beautiful dedication service at Oakville on Sunday night. Nearly everyone in the place consecrated themselves to God.

"MORNING GLOW" reports the visit of Mr. and Mrs. East Ontario Ladies' Home Band, under the direction of Captain Archibald to Port Hope, Cobourg and Brighton. Their music was much appreciated. Sister Downey's singing and playing put them in mind of something heavenly. The troupe consists of Captain Green, his mother and sister (Mrs. R. B. Green), Mrs. East, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Sister Downey, Sister McNamara, Sergeant Godwin, and Lieutenant Jones.

The people were very much interested and attended in crowds and helped liberally in the collection. The old devil kept his angels hard at work to keep the people from getting saved.

The latter place had been for three and a half dollars collection on the drum-head in the open-air, and the people cheered as the Kingston nightingale sang and played to the "wonder-stricken crowd," and Cader Green's violin, with guitar accompaniment, went down like butter on bread.

THE MODEL S.

Especially Contributed
Army Service

Conventions

BY BRIGADIER IN
OUR CHIEF OFFICER IN

HIS SPIRITUAL

OURS is a spiritual fore-field spirituous with spiritual weapons it is not against flesh

but against principalities

model soldier has received by the mercy of God, he is convinced of his exceeding

turn to God in true

conversion, with a

gift of salvation, which has transformed him into a spiritual man.

That he is "well made" by the realization that his habits are abandoned, his manners are mastered, he is associated with a strong prayer, for God's people's service. "Old things have passed away" and "all things new."

HE HAS SET OUT

WILL it may have

and trembling, a

misfortune, but "He

loves and diligently serves

God, and his affection what that will fully embrace and devote to the best of his ability.

HE BEARS THE C. His flesh may shrink and become weak, but his spirit is strong and frequently experiences great exertion.

He is a kind of friend who is often attacked by the devil, something within him to remember the thorn-path which his

him, and helps him in his

grief in the Cross, & costs.

HE GETS ENTITLED. No mistake he is an experience to him; nor is it more definite, more definite than his heart, that he has been attacked by the devil, something within him to remember the thorn-path which his

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HE GETS ENTITLED. No mistake he is an experience to him; nor is it more definite, more definite than his heart, that he has been

made clean within and

pose, motive, ambition

in deed and practice

every day. He single-handedly

completely destroyed the

surging, sweeping sea

over and through the

cleanse it, even the

Atlantic Ocean, our cleansing blood o

flowed, and still flows,

his soul,

"Thought and wish

ing,

Now and every instant.

HE IS GOD'S FOR

is entirely abandoned

head and heart, breath

session and position

disposal. He becomes

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topmost dormitory was shown the welcome visitor, who expressed herself as delighted with it all, as in the case of the Shelters previously visited.

Miss Booth was particularly touched by the sight of the tiny cot given by a fond mother for the special use of sick children.

The story is a very sad one. The lady's heart was broken by the loss of her little daughter, who was DEARLY TO DEATH, and she dedicated her life to her beloved Violet to the crit Home for that mission.

The dear Commandant has left us, but his memory and influence still lives in our hearts.

One of the many ways he has blessed the world has been by the power of his music and songs.

But we never thought our old Leader's song, "There is my debt to pay," more appropriate to surrounding circumstances. It needs as when sung by officers and men in the sewing room with the Field Commiss-

Again the voice was raised in earnest supplication, voicing the needs of all present, and the efficacy of the Blood of the Lamb to wash away every sin, the grace to cover the indebtedness of every soul and power to keep spotless and clean.

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PELLY'S ISLAND Corps rejoices because they hit their Talent Scheme Target.

BILDO, NFNL., was visited by English Guards, who enrolled some recruits and led a Council. The Officers from Heart's Content and Heart's Delight visited them for a special wedding. John Crawford and Anna Pretty were united under the flag.

FIVE SOULS have been saved during the last three weeks at Brampton. "MAY" of Peterborough says the Officers returned from the "big go" full of fire, and had good times all day Sunday. A Junior got saved.

THREE SOULS got saved at Miss. N. D., one of them coming four miles to do so.

THE OFFICERS of Montreal II. have farewelled. The people miss them very much.

THE DEBT is decreasing in St. John II., and a few sinners have been saved.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SCOTT visited Ingoldistown, also Adjutant Connies and Captain Loun. The soldiers congratulated Ensign Wiseman on his promotion.

TREASURER ENGLAND, of Charlton, N. B., has been elected an Alderman. They had an ice-cream social in honor of their esteemed Treasurer, and also screened him.

Major Compton had a beautiful dedication service at Oakville on Sunday night. Nearly everyone in the place reconsecrated themselves to God.

"MORNING GLORY" reports the day of the East Ontario Ladies' Spring Picnic under the command of Adjutant Archibald, Port Hope, Cobourg and Brighton. This picnic was much appreciated. Sister Dowling sang and playing put them in mind of something heavenly. The troupe consists of Cadet Green, his mother and sister, (Mrs. R. C. Braund) Adjutant Archibald, two Sisters Downey, Sister McNamara, Adjutant Godwin and Adjutant Jones. The people were very much interested and attended in crowds and helped liberally in the collection. The old devil kept his angels hard at work to keep the people from getting saved. At the latter place they got through three and four hours of collecting on the drums head in the sun, and the people cheered as the Kingston nightingales sang and played to the "wonder-strikeen crowd," and Cadet Green's violin solo, with guitar accompaniment, went down like butter on bread.

HE WALKS IN THE SPIRIT, and finds his whole soul and being be-

come like butter on bread.

The General addressed 800 Juniors at Stockholm.

Ten Field Officers have been transferred from England to the United States.

Major Yesu Ratnam, who went to India ten years ago, is on a visit to London.

It will require 60 horse-power engine to run the machine for connection with the British Army International exhibition at London in August.

Salvationists from all corners of the globe will be present.

Staff-Captain Acum, an old Toronto Headquarters Staff officer, has been promoted Major on the International Headquarters Staff.

What can we say with regard to the German's daughter will get in God's favor? They are locally welcome brother the Commandant, but "we shall

ing record in these days of war? We are the twin-Gods of Australia.

Commissioner Rees, from South Africa, has just taken hold of the London Provincial work. God bless our old Canadian Commissioner!

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Will Appear Shortly.

"Leakages,"

By Major Friedrich.

"Three Steps to Full Salvation,"

By Brigadier Scott.

Read

"The Model S.A. Soldier,"

Now appearing, by Brigadier Margetts.

A Special Contribution for the War Cry
is also expected from Major Bennett.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
the promotion of the Kingdom of God, with the purpose
of furthering the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Suite
No. 1, 100 Baywater, Toronto.

The Watchword of the Hour.

TOWARDS the close of that fatal day at Waterloo, when the British lion, though torn and mangled and dripping with blood, obstinately refused to cease from fighting, the Iron Duke, seeing the opportune moment had come, rose in his stirrups and roared down those lines, whose valor and endurance had sounded the death-knell of the great Corsican's ambition, "THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE! THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE!"

Then those smoke-begrimed and blood-besmeared heroes thundered back another roar of acclamation and charged down on the foe with a sweep like the onward whirl of a tornado.

Comrades, one and all, the time is present, the hour has come!

Gathering up into one sentence the watchwords of the Field Commissioner, as delivered by her to the first gathering of soldiers she addressed in this Territory, we send to you the charge: "THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE! THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE!"

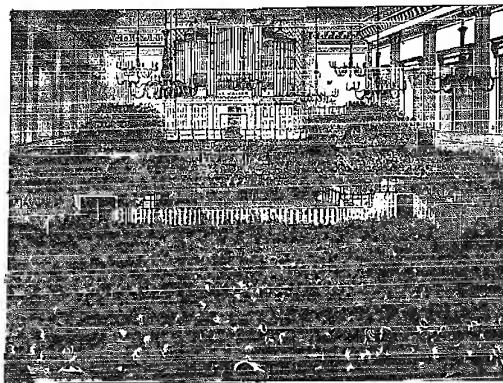
"PLUCK," "COURAGE," and "GO FORWARD," shall win the day.

The Fighters' Essential.

ONE word more. This time not to the whole line so much as to the individuals, officers of all ranks and soldiers, composing that line. In order to advance so as to effect the greatest good to the cause of the flag we fly, LET THE PRAYING BE IN CORRECT PROPORTION TO THE FIGHTING. To fight otherwise is to court, at least, partial failure, for any less success than we NEED have is, in a sense, to that extent, failure. Beloved fellow-soldier of Christ, by the love of your Lord, and by our Army's jealousy for His honor, we beseech you look well to this thing—LET THE PRAYING BE IN PROPORTION TO THE FIGHTING.

Our Warrior Leader.

OUR LEADER is all right in this essential. Her own lips have borne



Exeter Hall, London, Eng., with the Army in full swing.

testimony to her seasons of waiting at the secret Source of Power, especially when crossing the Atlantic on her way to this Continent, and frequent has been the testimony of those who have hung on the words of her powerful discourses in Toronto recently (and who, by the measure of the Divine anointing within themselves can spiritually taste the tincture and force of His presence in another), to the power and spirit with which our beloved leader is carried onward in her utterances. Let us pray, then, that the measure of that gift in our leader may be mightily increased, and let us—each soldier without exception—follow her example, wait on the Lord till we consciously renew our strength, believe with obedient and teachable hearts, till the Lord fills His temple and we are drenched with the Spirit. So shall hell totter and sinners cry for mercy on every hand. Oh, Lord, cause our whole line thus to advance. Amen!

THE COMMISSIONER is working like a Trojan. Before, during, and after office hours, from early morning till late at night is the warrior woman at our head pushing the war.

NEW YORKERS, we hail you. Your send off at the Memorial Hall to our late Commandant was a brilliant success, and worthy of you. You know how to appreciate good people, do. More power to you, and God bless America!

ONE word more. This time not to the whole line so much as to the individuals, officers of all ranks and soldiers, composing that line. In order to advance so as to effect the greatest good to the cause of the flag we fly, LET THE PRAYING BE IN CORRECT PROPORTION TO THE FIGHTING. To fight otherwise is to court, at least, partial failure, for any less success than we NEED have is, in a sense, to that extent, failure. Beloved fellow-soldier of Christ, by the love of your Lord, and by our Army's jealousy for His honor, we beseech you look well to this thing—LET THE PRAYING BE IN PROPORTION TO THE FIGHTING.

RECENTLY a number of gentlemen expressed themselves to us the very reverse. They upbraided us because we did not let the people know more of what was being done; we were not doing what was right, etc.

THIS last week the Commissioner visited the Farm, the Social Institutions of Toronto, and inspected the

printing works. The one thing which others which surprised her was that it is not reported more upon. Such a beautiful home almost spotlessly clean with devoted officers and happy inmates.

IT IS a fact nobody can deny, that in the Territories we have a beautiful work of salvation going on among the poor and the fallen human. If you wait to enjoy a proper bit of life, the meeting, and hear some testimonies that make you feel like saying, "Praise God!" every minute, then spend a Sunday at the Farm.

MAJOR AND MRS. MCMILLAN have sailed for Newfoundland. They go with the good wishes and prayers of their Leaders and comrades. They are confident of victory. Many a happy eye would have been turned to Newfoundland with half a prayer that the happy individual to lead on our brave Newfoundland Comrades might have fallen in their lot.

WAR can't be regulated. Major Sharp received orders to sail when he arrived at Halifax. He had time to farewells, and like a brave soldier, almost at a moment's notice he dropped the reins, and before hardly anyone had time to ask "Am I the only one?" he had the joy of leading on our warship to Newfoundland! Major McMillan was in the saddle. May he fight to conquer!

OUR East Ontario comrades will have welcomed Major Sharp. He is no stranger. The more you know of some people the less you like them. Not so Major Sharp. The more he is known the better he is loved.

NORTH WEST! How fervent you are to have a safe visit of the Field Commissioner! They say you can bear all creation with enthusiastic receptions. Now show it!

I HAVE not the least doubt that there will be a great competition between Majors Friedrich and Bennett. They will try their very utmost to outdo each other. I am at a loss to know who will come out on top.

DON'T mistake me. I don't mean is mere talk; anybody can talk. I mean in DO. Get the most souls saved, get the most candidates, etc.

THE Commissioner has been extremely busy. Already plans are being formulated for greater advances. The Cycle Brigade will catch on fast. What's that? says some one.

IT IS just this: Every invention and every advance in science should help the world, and if it does not it is of no use. The bicycle is a useful machine for God's saints and particularly in pushing the war in the Salvation Army.

SOME of the Headquarters Staff have already this year gone hundreds of miles in the interests of the Army on their wheels. It is now proposed to band them together and make a kind of Salvation Club, to visit the Corps within 40 miles of Toronto on weekends. They will ride into town singing, go to the meetings, get some souls saved, and get back to their work again.

A GREAT advantage, too, is the fact that sisters can ride as well as the brothers, so that when the Brigade goes out it won't be all horse-husky men who will take part in the meetings.

I find it is a mistake about the sisters being too nervous. They have as much pluck as the brothers, even in riding. Mrs. Bramwell Booth and the Field Commissioner for several years have used the wheel to good advantage, and become first-class riders.

THIS column is not for war numero, but I have a lot of stories of riding 80 and 100 miles in a week-end, saving the fare and getting as many souls saved as miles travelled. God grant it may be so with the first Canadian Bicycle Brigade.

THEN there is the opening of the National Training Homes in Topsfield, a special appeal for candidates, etc., etc. Can't write it this week. Try next.

SERGEANT HINTON, of the Farm, reports the conversion of a good War Cry sold out.

MRS. MAJOR READ died at Riverdale, one of the Fountain, Adjutant of the Farm, and Ann 1/2 Deaf.



A Tremendous

At Uxbridge, On

Seventeen Souls on S
the Visit of the Pro
Staff Band.

[BY TELEGRAPH]

UXBRIDGE, ONT.,
Overflowing meetings.
soul Sunday. Greater
years.

ADJT. T. E.

ADJUTANT

Farewells from Windsor

Fifty at Knee Drill, T
Thirteen Enrolled
the Last Sun

Have at last had to say good-bye to dear comrades and friends in Uxbridge. We have been so kind to us. On my farewell Sunday the glorious finish to our seven week campaign. About fifty thousand in the business meetings, etc., etc. 'neath the yellow, red, and green. Truly there is nothing like half working for Jesus.—Ernest C.

NEWSLETTER

ENSIGN ATTWELL, as
of cashier for the C. O. P.CAPTAIN TURPIN quip
per for the C. O. P., and ge
cal Department.CAPTAIN KING, of the
team, has been appointed
Montreal.CAPTAIN BALE, one of
men of the Temple, has
chair, vacated by Adjutant S.

STAFF: CAPTAIN S



A PART OF THE CORPS AT JAMESTOWN, N. D., WHEN OPENED FOUR MONTHS.

A Tremendous Victory

At Uxbridge, Ont.

Seventeen Souls on Sunday at the Visit of the Provincial Staff Band.

[By Telegraph.]

UXBRIDGE, ONT., June 22. Overflowing meetings. Seventeen souls Sunday. Greatest move for years.

ADJ. T. E. HUGHES.

ADJUTANT GALT

Farewells from Windsor, N.S.

Fifty at Knee Drill, Two Saved, Thirteen Enrolled During the Last Sunday.

Have at last had to say good-bye to all my dearest friends in Windsor. They have been kind to us. God bless them. On my farewell Sunday they gave us a glorious finish to our seven or eight months' campaign. About fifty at knee drill, four out in the business meeting, enrolled thirteen beneath the yellow, red and blue during the afternoon service, and two saved at night. Truly there is nothing half so beautiful as working for Jesus. —ETHEL GALT, Adj.

NEWSLINGS.

ENSIGN ATTWELL assumes the office of cashier for the C. O. P. as well as J. S. Assistant.

CAPTAIN TURPIN quits counting copies for the C. O. P., and goes in the Statistical Department.

CAPTAIN KING, of the Toronto Life-Brigade, has been appointed to Joe Bell, Montreal.

CAPTAIN BALE, one of the neatest persons of the Temple, occupies the cashier's chair, vacated by Adjutant McMillan.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SMEETON, the

Comptroller of Finance, makes a flying visit to London, Ont.

CAPTAIN WELSH, better known as "Gipsy," to London, accompanied the Commissioner. She has been nine years in Army work, four as a Field Officer, and five on the personal staff of the Commissioner.

ALL THE CITY TROOPS rallied at the Riverside tent on Monday night. To say it was full and running over is not much, it only holds about seventy-five or too people.

SERGEANT FREEMAN was married at Lipineott to Sergeant Bateman, of Stratford, by Major Howell.

THIS ISSUE is partly set up by the new Linotype machine.

CAPTAIN HOWCROFT and Lieutenant Bonetto have bid the Bowery good-bye and take charge of Yorkville.

CAPTAIN WILSON, of Orangeville, and Lieutenant Pollett, of Hamilton II, go to the Bowery.

THE TEMPLE reports three souls Sunday night, closing at 11 p.m.: the Bowery, one; Lipineott one; Richmond Street one for sanctification.

CAPTAIN PEACOCK, of Toronto, takes about fifty WAR CRIES to the jail every week for punishment.

MAJOR IDOWELL, the genial Central Ontario Provincial Officer, is to be congratulated on his management of the big demonstration. He says "the arrangements worked without a hitch."

OUR OFFICERS are proving their genuine Salvacionists. Major Howell says that irrespective of the Province they belonged to, he found them willing and obliging when to take up any duty. That's practical.

AT THE Soldiers' Council, Toronto (remember overheard), 10:35 p.m.—that's one hour and three-quarters the Commissioner has been talking." Then they seemed to lose count.

ADJUTANT CASS, of Chatham, Ont., sold 800 farewell silk ribbon badges with Commandant and Mrs. Booth's photo and these words on them :

W. O. P., mispath, Commandant.
In principle true.
In devotion sure.
In loyalty firm.
Typical Salvacionist never forgotten.

ENSIGN F. MCKENZIE, Light Brigade Agent, for the N. W. Province, has travelled 7,390 miles since October, and led and assisted in 300 meetings and lantern services. He is now sick abed at Moosejaw, N. W. T. Pray for him.

JAMESTOWN CORPS.

A BLOOD AND FIRE LOT OF PEOPLE.

At the time of writing Jamestown has been opened about four months.

ENLISTED Bob Smith and Lieutenant Col. Rawlings, the attacking party, were the first lot of recruits—twenty-one—were enrolled by Adjutant Rawlings, six weeks after the opening. "A fine crowd, about the best I ever enrolled in my life," says the Adjutant.

The people attend the meetings, and the people are exceedingly kind, and much "taken up" by the blood and fire spirit of the Army.

Since Adjutant Goodwin has been ap-

pointed to the command of the Corps, Jamestown has been made the District Headquarters.

Colonel Hurst was a soldier at Nanaimo, British Columbia, and has done good service at a number of Manitoba and North-West Territories Corps.

Lieutenant Collins entered the Field from Grand Forks, and that Corps since the transfer to the Territory.

Adjutant Goodwin's career was written up in the Cry dated the 6th ult. Jamestown is one of the best corps in North Dakota, and has the promise of becoming one of the leading Corps in the North-West Province. God bless Jamestown!

NOTES

ON THE Commissioner's Western Welcome Campaign.

BY MAJOR READ.

Westerners should feel thankful that our new Commissioner visits them first, and reckons upon it, they will have some mighty times.

Of course it is thoroughly understood long ago that Winnipeg is noted for giving our leaders a triumphant welcome, and they will not be behind with regard to Commissioner Eva. Let the whole city turn out en masse.

What a treat the officers will have at the counsels, and what spiritual food they will receive! They will certainly return to their corps filled with the Spirit.

Then what can we say with regard to the reception the General's daughter will have in Grand Forks? They will gladly welcome her brother, the Commandant, but "we shall

see what we shall see." That North Dakota city will be stirred from centre to circumference. And then the souls that will be saved! Rest assured, ye people of Grand Forks, the Commissioner will not be satisfied unless souls are saved, therefore help her in the battle by praying for her.

Fargo, that great railroad centre, was also to the fore in giving our deserved leader a splendid welcome. True, it is a new corps comparatively, but its plucky soldiers and loyal friends will welcome with open arms the hero of a thousand battles. If you want to please and help the Commissioner, then fight, sing, and pray, not only while she is in your midst, but all the time.

Now, ye miners of Helena, Butte, and Spokane, what can we say to you to urge you to make this, the Commissioner's welcome visit to your city, one that shall beat all previous records? You have read of her desperate engagements and renowned victories, but now the hero comes to you in person, to cheer you in the fight. Let Major Read pray earnestly for the success of her meetings with you, and you shall never forget what your eyes shall see and your ears hear. You know just how to give Commissioner Eva a loyal welcome.

Then the loyalty of the soldiers and friends of Victoria, Nanaimo, New Westminster, and Vancouver is well known. Have they not practically helped us in the past with their finances, being ever ready to do what they could in this respect? They have welcomed many leaders and done good by their full hearts ahead, and expect that Commissioner Eva's coming amongst them will top all past records. We know she will feel quite at home among these perfectly happy and desperate fighting people, and when she has heard the last echo of their farewell cheers as she leaves them at Vancouver, only a few days will elapse when Manitoba at Brandon and Portage will shout and literally scream their welcome, for they well know how to appreciate a visit from such a brave woman as our Commissioner.

Unity of purpose, mighty prevailing prayer, desperate personal fighting, and pure love for souls, must make this series of welcome meetings a never-to-be-forgotten time, so that the whole campaign may be crowned by hundreds of souls crying for mercy. This is the Commissioner's supreme desire. Of course Majors Bennett and Friedrich will be all there on the field of battle.

ADJUTANT WATSON plays an ancient Italian violin valued by musical dealers at \$500.

